

Eng. Poetry vol 78.

S T A N Z A S,

(WITH SOME ALTERATIONS)

INSCRIBED

TO THE REVEREND WILLIAM MASON, M. A.

AS A TESTIMONY OF ESTEEM AND FRIENDSHIP,

By Sir GREY COOPER, Bart. *X*

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(EXOTICIA 2 1 1 2)



S T A N Z A S.

PART THE FIRST.

The Subject of the First Part of the following Stanzas is taken from an unfinished Latin Poem, *De Principiis Cogitandi*.—The Fragments of this sublime and elegant Composition are preserved in *the Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. GRAY*.

—PROPTER AMOREM
QUOD TE IMITARI AVEO.—

SAGE LOCKE! thy spirit I invoke,
Deep searcher of the human mind;
The last best oracle that spoke
Reason and truth to all mankind.

Teach me to understand the laws

Which form, and keep in just controul,

(Directed by the First Great Cause,)

The Body's union with the Soul.

Thro' Nature's complicated frame,

Tell, how the thrilling Nerves convey

Perception's animating flame,

To light the tenement of clay*:

How the five Ministers of sense,

With pow'r distinct and sep'rate train,

Approach the Mind's high residence,

Within the fortrefs of the brain :

How

* —O'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.

DRYDEN'S *Absalom and Achitophel*.

How when the least alarm they feel,
 Quick notice passes to the throne,
 How to the Judgment they appeal †,
 Each by an influence of his own:

The TOUCH all-tremblingly awake
 Pervades and agitates the whole;
 The EAR sends eloquence to shake,
 And harmony to sooth, the soul.

VISION, great commanding power,
 Beauty presents, and grace displays;
 SMELL incense draws from ev'ry flower;
 TASTE its delicious homage pays.

As

† The senses improvable by the judgment.

As from far-distant mountains' sides
 Rivers descend, and thro' the plain
 Winding their way, with different tides
 All rush into the mighty main;

The once obsequious, courtly SEINE,
 Mournful and fullen passes by
 The walls, where wildest factions reign,
 And hold their pow'r by anarchy:

The VISTULA indignant runs,
 Her foaming cataracts, as they fall,
 Deplore the fate of POLAND's sons,
 And loud on Heav'n for justice call:

From

From regions near the rising day,
 GANGES, *no longer Indian**, rolls ;
 Proud of CORNWALLIS, and the sway
 Of BRITISH laws, of BRITISH souls :

THAMES, rising from the purest spring,
 To rule the commerce of the sea,
 Views, as he flows, A PATRIOT KING,
 A HAPPY REALM, A PEOPLE FREE.

The Sov'reign, who the trident bears,
 Receives them all with gracious mein ;
 Each tribute takes, each murmur hears,
 Reclin'd in majesty serene :

So

* Where TIBER, now no longer ROMAN, rolls,
 Proud of ITALIAN arts, ITALIAN souls.

So the Ideas, from their source,
By different ways and channels, find
The destin'd object of their course,
The great Sensorium of the Mind.

S T A N Z A S.

PART THE SECOND.

ONCE more, great Priest of Truth divine !

I come with reverential awe
To view, unfolded at thy shrine,
The mysteries of Nature's law:

The Mind's recesses to explore,
The secrets of the heart to scan,
And, led by metaphysic lore,
Survey the inward state of Man:

To learn how, when the body sleeps,
And motionless each fibre seems ;
Fancy within her revels keeps,
And the dark chamber paints with dreams :

When Judgment nods upon his throne,
And Conscience ev'n retires to rest ;
When ev'ry sense has lost its tone,
And all discerning powers suppress ;

Save that by fits, the watchful Nerves
Start at the visions as they pass,
And Memory some faint forms preserves,
Group'd in disorder on her glass.

Thus,

Thus, when from heaven the sun declines,
 And twilight ling'ringly expires,
 The glow-worm in the valley shines,
 And shows its ineffectual fires.

Close in her prison-house immur'd,
 Does then the Soul in sleep repose;
 And, her ethereal light obscur'd,
 The *energy of thinking* lose?

Yet pause—and, checking her career,
 Let Science stop, where *Reason* ends,
 To all beyond * that nice barrier,
 The higher power of *Faith* extends.

Enough

* Twixt that and Reason what a nice barrier,
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near.

ESSAY ON MAN, 1st Book.

Enough to know, that thro' this life,
The Spirit, doom'd her load to bear,
Must, after all their mutual strife,
The fate of her associate share.

If with fair Temperance she dwell,
Where Virtue purifies the blood,
Where no bold passions dare rebel,
Nor guilt invade the calm abode;

Then the bright essence of the Mind,
Thro' every limb divinely wrought,
And all the outward form refin'd,

The body seems inspir'd with thought :

But,

But, to the grofs material frame
 Shou'd Vice her influence impart ;
 Shou'd fenfual lufts extinguish flame,
 And habit blunt the confcious heart ;

Th' immortal part infected grows,
 The Soul *imbodies and imbrutes**,
 Till the degraded Being lofe
 All her celestial attributes.

Yet when life's hard probation's o'er,
 And nature has her trial flood ;
 When minds and bodies change no more,
The pure in heart fhall fee their God.

And

* From MILTON's Mask of Comus.

And yon proud impious band, combin'd
From heav'n the thunderbolt to wrest,
May, when their crimes are finish'd, find,
That *death is not eternal rest* *.

* The Jacobins propos'd a decree, that *death is only eternal sleep*.

T O

THE NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

☞ The Idea of the Subject is taken from an *Alcaic Fragment* written by Mr. GRAY, and preserved in the *Memoirs of his Life and Writings*, of which Mr. MASON says, that “no Poet of the Augustan Age produced four more perfect Lines, or which would sooner impose upon the best Critic, as being a genuine ancient Composition.”

Vide MEMOIRS, page 33.

Oh Lachrymarum Fons! tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore, Te pia Nympha! sensit.

" D

THE HISTORY OF THE MOUNTAINS OF FRANCE

The history of the mountains of France is a subject of great interest and importance. It is a subject which has attracted the attention of many of the most distinguished writers of the age. The mountains of France are not only a source of beauty and grandeur, but they are also a source of strength and power. They are the seat of many of the most important events of French history, and they have played a great part in the development of the French nation. The mountains of France are a subject which should be studied by every Frenchman, and by every man who is interested in the history of France.

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TO
THE NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

HAIL, pious Nymph! whose guardian Power,
The Holy Spring of Tears protects,
And each soft drop, and tender shower
From the Mysterious Source directs;

Not Tears, that on th' approach of Death
Down the pale cheeks of Tyrants roll,
When Conscience to the latest breath,
Holds up the Mirror to the Soul:

Nor such as moisten the dark Cells

Where, whilst the Slaves the Rack prepare,
The stern Inquisitor compels

Ev'n Godlike Virtue to despair.

These bitter waters of distress

Arise from other Springs than Thine,
Springs which Infernal Gnomes possess,
Dread Ministers of wrath Divine.

Heav'n gives to Thee the sacred part

Of watching the pure streams, that flow
From the soft motions of the Heart,
That learns to feel another's woe,

To

To raise the head by care depress'd,
With gentle, delicate relief,
To pour into the wounded breast,
The balm of sympathetic grief:

Such soothing offices engage
Thy Sylphs, the messengers of Grace,
Sent by thy order to assuage
The sorrows of the Human Race.——

To Thee belong the gushing rills
Of sudden joy, and glad surprise,
The rapt Soul's transport, that distills
Glistening in th' expressive eyes.

Let

Let me, thy Suppliant, take my part

In all thy pleasures, all thy pain ;

And ne'er, tho' exquisite the smart,

Of Sensibility complain :

Oft let me leave the busy scene,

Devotion at thy shrine to pay ;

Oft taste with thee the calm serene

Evening of a well-spent day :

And in thy Grotto's hallow'd shade

Gaze at the Children of the World,

In Vanity's light barks convey'd,

With every glittering sail unfurl'd :

Smile

Smile at the Great, for what they choose
In each fond wish, and fickle mood,
And pity them for what they lose,
The Power divine of doing good.

View the mild Glory round the Throne
Love with obedience command :
For others' rights maintain it's own,
And rule to blefs a grateful Land.————

To cheer me in the Vale of Years
Still, penfive Nymph ! thy grace impart,
Still let thy Spring of tender Tears
Enlarge and purify my heart:.

For

For with those social feelings flow

The best affections of the mind,

The warmth of Friendship, and the glow

Of Charity to all Mankind.



THE END.

